

The BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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JUNE 4, 1922

Goldie Brown.

BY MARY LOUISE STETSON.

IN all her checkered little life it is doubtful if quiet Lucy from the Children's Home ever attracted so much attention as she did when she arrived in Greenboro. It was recess time at the village school, and even the boys left their play to watch her as she passed along the road beside husky Enos Ellis who was carrying her suitcase.

But of all the curious young watchers, there was none so deeply impressed as was tender-hearted, rosy-cheeked Huldah Bean. Even after the bell had rung and Huldah was back in the fourth seat of the middle row, a big geography open before her, the dusky folk of India gave place to a pale, yellow-haired girl with dreamy blue eyes and stooping shoulders. All the long walk home from school, Huldah kept thinking of her with a background of other orphans, pale, blue-eyed, and flaxen-haired. Of course Lucy herself was to be cared for by kind Aunt Martha Ellis, but those others! Surely somebody ought to give homes to them.

"Mother, are we very, very poor?" Huldah asked, lifting the dish-cloth and absent-mindedly watching the soapy water as it dropped back into the pan.

Mrs. Bean hesitated, then answered with a brave little smile, "Perhaps not 'very, very' but just 'poor.' We are better off to-day than we were yesterday, for I sold ten pounds of butter this morning."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" cried Huldah, dancing up and down on her toes. "Then don't you believe we could have an orphan come and live with us, just the same as the Ellises? It wouldn't cost much, 'cause the cows are all bought."

Mrs. Bean gasped. Happy little Huldah had no idea how many nights, when she was sleeping, grandfather and mother were still awake, planning how they might coax the run-down farm and the few cows and hens to yield a little more profit. Grandfather and mother didn't wish her to bear their burdens quite yet.

"Well, dear, we will see," mother promised.

The next morning, instead of calling upstairs to waken Huldah, mother slipped into the room, sat down on the edge of the bed and pressed a warm kiss on the little girl's forehead.

"Time apple-blossoms were opening to the sunshine!" she cried gaily, as Huldah blinked her eyes. "How dreadful if the little orphan should come and find only a pink bud this time of day!"

"The orphan?" Huldah repeated sleepily.

"Yes, the little girl we are going to invite to visit us for two weeks this summer."

"Oh!" Huldah was wide-awake then,



Children of June.

BY MARJORIE DILLON.

WHEN June her leafy roof unfurls,
And bids her buds unfold,
She sends to play her little girls
In gowns of white and gold.

They run about the fields and hills;
They nod and laugh and sway,
Beside the sparkling silver rills—
Together every day.

These little ones, with faces bright,
Dance on through sunny weather;
Gold Buttercup and Daisy white,
In June's Outdoors together.

but for a moment she hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry. A two-weeks orphan isn't an orphan for always. But, being a joyous little girl by nature, she decided to be glad. After all, two weeks is a long time when it hasn't come yet, and how exciting it would be to get ready for the playmate she had never seen!

Huldah herself wrote the invitation and dropped it through the slot at the post-office. Then she waited impatiently for an answer. An acceptance came by-and-by in behalf of a little girl, just Huldah's age: name, Goldie Brown.

"What a funny name!" cried Huldah. "I think I like it, though. Of course her hair is yellow and curly like Goldilocks in the story of 'The Three Bears,' and, oh, mother, won't it be fun to ask the other girls up some day and to play the story with Goldie for little Goldilocks! She's probably pale like Lucy, but I just know she's going to be pretty. A girl named Goldie Brown couldn't be homely like Mehitable Hawkins!"

When the great day set for Goldie's coming actually arrived, Huldah made the

little guest-room still more cheery with a big bouquet of daisies and buttercups. Then she dressed in a clean gingham and anxiously awaited grandfather's return from the village.

"Here they are, mother!" Huldah cried excitedly, the moment old Dobbin's head came into view over the crest of the hill. "Yes, there's grandpa, and a little girl beside him. Oh, I do wish Dobbin wouldn't be so slow!"

Dobbin's days of speed were long since passed, but he plodded on nearer and nearer, and by-and-by Huldah saw beside her grandfather a stocky little girl with a round rosy face, a large smiling mouth, a pug nose well covered with freckles—and funny brown pigtails that stuck out like horns from beneath the brim of her hat!

Huldah was too surprised to speak at first, but Mrs. Bean, stepping out from the kitchen, seemed not to notice anything strange about her guest.

With a sudden spring, Goldie cleared the wheel and landed safe on two sturdy little feet.

"They told me I mustn't be a bother," she made haste to explain. "I don't want to be. I can comb my own hair and button my own dress all but the middle."

Mrs. Bean smiled. "And do you suppose you could eat a saucerful of wild strawberries with cream on top, and a few hot soda-biscuit?" she asked.

Goldie heaved a deep, healthy sigh. "Yes'm. I know I could," she answered.

"Then, Huldah, please show our guest to her room. Supper will be ready in just ten minutes."

And so Huldah picked up the queer bag containing Goldie's extra clothing and led the way to the guest-room upstairs, where daisies and buttercups smiled a welcome.

"I like flowers," Goldie said. "Did somebody pick these just for me?"

"I did," Huldah answered quietly.

"Then I like you," Goldie declared, "but I can't remember your name. It's such a funny one!"

"I don't think it's funny," Huldah remarked a little crisply. "I was named for my great-grandmother Bean. That's her picture in the gilt frame. My name is Huldah Ann Bean, but every one calls me Huldah." Then she added, "Your hair is as brown as mine, not yellow a bit. What made your folks name you Goldie?"

Goldie laughed. "My hair changed after I got bigger," she said. "I don't like my name very well. I like Marjory better, but—oh, I don't mind very much!" And Goldie turned a generous supply of water into the bowl and gave her face a good cold splash.

Mrs. Bean had time to rest after supper that day: two girls washed the dishes and put them all away. Next morning, Grandfather Bean had only the heavy wood to bring in: a little guest in funny pigtails carried all the chips. Some days, even now when school had closed, Huldah forgot to make her own bed, but on the morning after Goldie's arrival, all the beds were made so early that Mrs. Bean smilingly wondered if they had had any time to air. And wherever Goldie was, there was song and laughter.

"What a cheery little body you are!" cried Mrs. Bean, when Goldie had been two days at the farm. "Your name should be Goldie, you are so like the sunshine!"

"It's easy to be glad, every one's so good to me," Goldie answered happily. "I like to sing, and Miss Mayhew doesn't mind except when the babies are asleep or she has a headache. Then I have to keep still."

"There are no babies here, and we never have headaches," Mrs. Bean assured her, "so sing as much as you like the two weeks you spend with us."

"Yes'm," Goldie answered, and with a smile, hop, skip, and a jump, she was off down the footpath to join Huldah in a search for fresh eggs for Mrs. Davis's angel cake.

"Huldah, what makes them call it 'angel cake?'" Goldie asked.

"I don't know, unless because it's good, like angels. Mrs. Davis makes the best angel cake that ever was. She's going to have the Sewing Circle at her house to-morrow, and she's going to give them ice-cream and angel cake to eat."

"Hum! I wish I belonged. I never tasted angel cake, but I'd like to."

Hunting nests in the big haymow was

always a game for Goldie. It was such fun to peer in here and there and then suddenly to spy a smooth, brown egg just waiting in its nest to be found and to be placed in somebody's basket!

That morning when the girls returned to the house, Mrs. Bean met them at the door. "I have two errands this time," she said. "Probably Mrs. Davis is anxious to get her eggs, and Mrs. Harris has just telephoned for three pounds of butter."

"I'll take the eggs," cried Goldie.

"And I'll take the butter," added Huldah.

"And then you may each have till dinner-time to play," promised Mrs. Bean, as she took the eggs from Huldah's basket and put the butter in their place.

Humming a merry little tune, Goldie ran along to Mrs. Davis's, taking care, however, that the eggs shouldn't bounce around and get broken. Her cheery little song came to an end, though, and her face sobered as she looked at the face in the doorway.

"Are you sick?" she asked sympathetically.

"Oh, no, dear, not exactly," Mrs. Davis answered, a note of impatience in her voice. "I carelessly fell down three steps this morning and sprained my ankle. That's all."

"Then it hurts," Goldie bobbed. "I know, 'cause I did it once when I jumped off the shed—and you were going to make an angel cake, too!"

In spite of the pain in her ankle, Mrs. Davis smiled, and Goldie thought that smile a very lovely one.

"Oh, I know what I can do!" In her eagerness to be of service, Goldie sprang up the step and seized Mrs. Davis by the hand. "My ankle's all well. I can walk fast. The work's done over at our house till dinner-time. Please let me stay and help you. I don't know how to make angel cakes, but I can bring the molasses and lard and things."

"Bless your heart!" cried Mrs. Davis, hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry. "We don't use molasses and lard in angel cakes, but if you'd really like to help, you may. What willing hands and feet yours are!"

That was a wonderful morning for the little girl from the Children's Home. She learned all there is to know about angel cakes except how they look inside and how they taste. She helped make a pie, and a pudding too, dusted the parlor, swept the porch, set the table, and in every way she could save steps for the housewife with the sprained ankle. Of course when the work was done, Mrs. Davis asked her to stay to dinner, but she shook her head.

"No'm, thanks," she said. "I must go now, 'cause Huldah and I wash the dishes and maybe I shouldn't get back in time."

Mrs. Davis thought for a moment. There was a shiny fifty-cent piece under the clock. But after looking into the plain but happy face of her willing helper, she dared not speak of it. Instead, she gently drew Goldie to her, brushed back the straight brown hair from the fine high forehead, and kissed the motherless girl much as Mrs. Bean kisses Huldah, and Goldie wondered why there were tears in Mrs. Davis's eyes. Goldie herself didn't feel like crying. She felt like singing louder than ever.

The very next Friday, Mr. Davis called at Mrs. Bean's and left two little white envelopes, one addressed to Miss Goldie Brown, the other to Miss Huldah Ann Bean.

"What is it?" Goldie asked, gingerly accepting the envelope handed to her.

"Open it and see," laughed Huldah.

So together the envelopes were torn open and the dainty notes drawn out and read.

"Mine's an invitation to take tea with the Davises this very day," beamed Huldah.

"So's mine," smiled Goldie. "What makes them be so good to us, do you suppose?"

No sooner were the dinner dishes washed than two happy girls ran upstairs to dress. Each one spread out what she thought her prettiest clothes. Then Mrs. Bean was called to decide which dresses should be worn. And Mrs. Bean, though she longed to make Goldie look as attractive as possible in one of Huldah's two light dresses, decided that Goldie's pink gingham and Huldah's blue gingham would do very well.

"But to-day I should like to be maid for each of you, and comb your hair just as I like it best," she added, and willingly the girls agreed to that.

A broad pink ribbon belonging to Huldah was found to match the pink dress, and Goldie's hair released from the tight braids and tied with a big, pink bow wasn't such homely hair after all. In fact, when Mrs. Davis's guests-to-be stood side by side and smilingly awaited the maid's approval, she decided, "If you behave as well as you look, I'm sure Mr. and Mrs. Davis will enjoy your company."

That was certainly a happy afternoon over at the Davis home, and if Goldie seemed a little too glad to be quite polite when at supper-time she was served a generous helping of ice-cream and angel cake, nobody cared to be miserable over that.

And so with work and play and visits to Lucy and other friends, the days kept flying past and the two weeks came to a close.

On the last afternoon, Goldie was standing by the little window of the guest-room looking out across the pasture-land where she and Huldah had had so many good times together, when Huldah came dancing into the room.

"O Goldie!" she cried. "There's somebody down in the parlor that you know, and she's come to tell you that"— Then Huldah clapped both hands over her mouth, suddenly became very straight and dignified, and announced, "Mother wants you to come down to the parlor, please."

Curiously, Goldie obeyed, and there she found Miss Mayhew from the Children's Home, and Mrs. Davis. Mrs. Davis she supposed had just dropped in to call, but Miss Mayhew must be Goldie's special guest. She stepped eagerly across the room to meet her, and smiled.

"Why, Miss Mayhew, I thought I'd have to go back all alone. You were good to come after me. I'm glad to see you."

"Goldie, I haven't come to take you back," Miss Mayhew explained. "We miss you at the home, but I came to Greenboro to talk to Mrs. Davis about you, and I've come over here to tell you that you may stay with Mrs. Davis for a year, if

you think you can be happy there. Would you like to stay?"

Mrs. Davis had arisen and was quietly though anxiously watching Goldie's face. For answer, Goldie ran to her, threw two sturdy little arms about her waist, looked eagerly into her eyes, and said: "I'd like to stay. I love you."

And so it was all decided. Miss Mayhew went back alone, and Goldie and her funny bag traveled only down the road to Mrs. Davis's home.

Happy days soon grow into weeks and months, and it didn't seem long to Mr. and Mrs. Davis nor to Goldie when the year had slipped away and another summer had come.

One bright July morning, the girl whom Miss Mayhew had left in Greenboro went dancing over to Huldah's, her face more radiant than usual.

"O Huldah, who do you think this is?" And she pointed right at her merry self.

"Goldie Brown, of course," laughed Huldah. "You don't look a bit like George Washington or Abraham Lincoln."

Vigorously, the guest shook her head. "No," she declared, "I'm not Goldie Brown any more. I'm Marjory Brown Davis, and I have a mother just like other girls."

And Huldah was so surprised and so glad that she couldn't say a word for as long as three seconds, but that didn't matter, for her eyes were bright as stars all the while.

Violet Tears.

BY MARTHA BANNING THOMAS.

HERE was a great commotion in the flower garden. Any one understanding the language of larkspurs and pansies would have heard something like this:

"I declare! There's no reason at all in being tied to the ground the way we are." (This was Lucy Larkspur, a tall blue-eyed girl becomingly dressed in green.) "Here have I stood, hour after hour, day after day, in the very same spot. The best I can do is to sway in the wind, and that's growing to be pretty tiresome. At first I liked bobbing about among my neighbors, but they are anchored in the same stupid way as I am and know no more of the world. If I had feet, I'd stamp them." And she gave an angry flounce.

"Dear me," sighed a saucy-faced pansy, "I had no idea you felt so, Miss Larkspur. I quite agree with you. But what do you think of *my* outlook so near the ground? I can't see a thing beyond my own petals" (which is the word for "nose" in garden-talk). "It's very tame, I assure you. Now, just look at those butterflies," grumbled Peter Pansy. "Not a care in the world! They can flit about as they please. Though I *have* heard it said" (here he lowered his voice, and Lucy bent a trifle nearer) "that they don't come from the best people... *worms*, if you'll believe me!"

Miss Larkspur shuddered.

"Let's ask Sweet William how he feels about living and growing and going to seed in one spot," added Peter, to change the subject, for Miss Larkspur seemed quite overcome by the gossip about the butterflies.



The Bumble-Bee.

BY MARGARET ASHMUN.

A BIG, fat, booming bumble-bee
Flew down and sat quite close to me
When I was stringing poppy-heads
To-day, out in the garden-beds.
He had great stripes across his back
Of yellow-gold and velvet-black;
His wings, so round and thin and bright.

Were flashing in the clear sunlight.
And all the time he made a noise
As if to say, "I don't like boys!"
He seemed so cross I didn't stay,
But took my things and ran away.
It was no fun at all to see
That big, fat, booming bumble-bee.

"Oho, Sweet William!" called out Peter, in a purple-velvet voice, "aren't you tired of standing up forever in one spot?"

"No, I'm not tired of living in one place," answered Sweet William, with a perfumery smile. "Your father and mother, Peter, always lived where you do and were happy. What is the trouble?"

"Miss Larkspur and I need a change. We want a vacation. We would like to flit about like the butterflies."

"You can never flit about like butterflies, Peter," said Sweet William, soberly. "You must stop thinking about it. You were put in one spot to stay. Only wings can flit. Do try to be sensible."

"But," whispered Peter (he was, after all, only a little boy-pansy), "I can't even s-s-sit down!" And he gulped a pansy gulp that wrinkled his face all up.

Miss Larkspur sniffed in sympathy, though she was old enough to know better.

"Here are some butterflies now," called Sweet William. "I'll send them over to cheer you up."

Five butterflies danced over to the part of the garden where Peter Pansy and Miss Larkspur were grumbling. Their wings were light yellow, but there were no colors on them at all. They stopped first to call on Lucy.

"How pretty you look to-day!" one of them cried. "I was saying this morning when I got dressed that I was getting tired of plain clothes. It's horrid to be

dressed in yellow all the time. I wish I were a bright flower like you."

But Miss Larkspur would not be comforted; she was almost crying and had a leaf all ready for her tears.

"O Miss Larkspur, *please* don't waste your tears by wiping them! Let them fall on us," suddenly begged another butterfly. "Just wait a minute until we can get where they will fall on our wings."

So Miss Larkspur waited.

The five yellow butterflies arranged themselves under her chin.

"Now we're ready!" they all said at once. "Cry just as hard as you possibly can."

Peter Pansy looked up in amazement while Miss Larkspur did her best. She cried and cried and cried. And what do you think? She cried violet and lavender tears! One by one they splashed on the butterflies' wings. And one by one they made beautiful violet and lavender spots there.

When Miss Larkspur declared she could not squeeze out another single drop the butterflies thanked her and flew happily away. But Peter Pansy was cross all day because he did not have a chance to cry too. Sweet William only smiled his perfumery smile.

If you will look at some of the butterflies next summer, you will find Miss Larkspur's violet and lavender tears on their wings.



THE BEACON CLUB

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Any club member who has lost his button *must send a two-cent stamp* when requesting another.

66 NEWELL STREET,
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I live in the Berkshire Hills. I go to the School of Religion of Unity Church. Besides our regular lessons we memorize Psalms. My mother is our teacher.

Our minister, Mr. Joy, went away in January, and we miss him very much. I would like to join the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I like the change in the heading of *The Beacon*.

Yours sincerely,
GODFREY SIDDALL TOMPKINS.



Other new members of our Club are Rosalie Murphy, Davenport, Ia.; Dorothy Moore, Laconia, N.H.; Charlotte Ames, Peterboro, N.H.; Josephine, James, and Elmer O'Rourke, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Emma F. Poxxon, Madison, Wis.

New members in Massachusetts are Glen Draper, Canton; Virginia Harrison, Fall River; Katherine Thompson, Fitchburg; Anna Stetson, Greenfield; Herbert Olds, Lynn; Carl Stover, West Roxbury.

Church School News.

THE Intermediate section of the First Unitarian Church School at Cleveland, Ohio, arranged its program for April 2, 1922, as an observance of the Edward Everett Hale memorial. Two girls from the Department sang a duet. A talk about Dr. Hale was given by one of the young men and another by one of the teachers. A special concert recitation was given by one of the classes. The work in this school is under the care of Miss Gertrude Taft, Director of Religious Education.

Five classes were reported to have perfect attendance on March 26. The teachers of the school had an opportunity on Saturday, April 8, to meet Dr. Henry F. Cope, Executive Secretary of the Religious Education Association.

A seventy-nine-year-old member of the Sunday school in Pomona, Calif., A. N. Bates, reports that the entire session of the school on April 2 was given to the observance of the Hale anniversary, with an address by the minister, Rev. Francis Watry. There were sketches of Dr. Hale's life and work, and talk about his books, by the members of the school. There are thirty-five enrolled in this school, ranging in age from four to eighty-four.

Other schools which have reported the observance of this Anniversary but which the lack of space prevents our mentioning in detail are those at Barre, Dedham, Stow, and West Somerville in Massachusetts, the Westminster Church, Providence, R.I., All Souls' Church, Washington, D.C., and the church of the same name in Winnipeg, Canada. The latter church also reports the successful presentation of the Easter pageant "The Renewal of Life."

The bulletin of the Sunday school of the Unitarian Church at Canton, Mass., gives a list of six regular teachers and four substitute teachers. The enrollment has steadily increased since September and now numbers seventy-two pupils. The bulletin gives the names of six pupils who were not absent during the first half-year and of a large number who had been present during the entire month of January. It is the aim of the school to raise its present attendance of 61% to 75% of the enrollment. *The Beacon* hopes this effort will be successful and gives heartiest good wishes to the Superintendent and teachers of this school.

(James Montgomery), and 'Unto Thee, abiding ever, look I in my need.' (F. L. Hosmer.)"

Many readers of our paper were interested in this fine Unitarian girl in India. Some of them wrote to her and received letters from her. All of us feel that we have lost a friend and that the "Vast Unknown" is more homelike now that Ruby is there.

This is the closing number of our paper in the present volume, as doubtless all our readers know. The first number in Volume XIII, will appear on October 1.

RECREATION CORNER

ENIGMA LXVIII.

I am composed of 29 letters and record a pleasant fact.

My 9, 5, 6, 3, 7, 20, is one who lives by himself.

My 25, 2, 4, 4, 10, 11, is a season.

My 16, 13, 18, 17, 20, 24, 22, 26, is a time for rest and play.

My 1, 28, 14, 15, is found at the shore.

My 23, 27, 19, 29, is not far away.

My 8, 21, 14, is something to be avoided.

My 11, 12, 15, is a color.

J. W.

TWISTED BIRDS.

1. Ornib.	6. Rooiel.
2. Nuco.	7. Dowoceerkp.
3. Ebludrib.	8. Rapgridet.
4. Hasnpact.	9. Hitorcs.
5. Der Inwgde	10. Abelkbrid.

W. J. A.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 34.

ENIGMA LXIV.—"I am the true vine."

ENIGMA LXV.—"Point thy tongue on the anvil of truth."

DIAMOND.—

C
ARE
AMISS
CRIMSON
ESSEN
SON
N

TWISTED NAMES.—1. Mary. 2. Richard. 3. John. 4. Amy. 5. Samuel. 6. Dorothy. 7. Rose. 8. Raymond. 9. Henry. 10. Enid.

DIVIDED WORDS.—Steamstress. Peppermint. Troublesome. Windlass. Wiseacre. Thousand.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 35.

ENIGMA LXVI.—Thornton W. Burgess.

ENIGMA LXVII.—Genius is eternal patience. HIDDEN FISH.—1. Salmon. 2. Pickerel. 3. Perch. 4. Cod. 5. Haddock. 6. Shad. 7. Herring. 8. Trout. 9. Bass. 10. Smelt.

CHANGEABLE FRUIT.—1. Grape, grate, prate.

2. Pear, dear, deer. 3. Prune, prude, crade.

4. Fig, fin, fun. 5. Date, dace, mace. 6. Peach, peace, peace.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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A Message From Khasi Hills.

M R. H. K. SINGH of Shillong, Khasi Hills, India, writes to a friend in this country about his daughter Ruby, who died last autumn after an illness of several months:

"She used to call us to prayer every morning and evening while in her sickbed. 'Father, let us have our prayer,' she would say to me. She was fond of the hymn 'Abide with me! Fast falls the even-tide.' During her illness we used to sing with her 'Nearer, my God, to Thee' (S. F. Adams), 'Forever with the Lord'